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Perfect is so Last Season



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Chapter 1 by Florenceia

She was perfect. Her long hair waved perfectly into sandy tresses, her hips curved out flawlessly, her plum red lips shone. The way she talked, how she walked. Her laugh was like the soft trumpet of heralds. Lana had gotten all the perfect genes, and I was stuck being normal. Even my name was drab. Ugh, Agatha.

Agatha Josline Parker. That was me. The emo teen in the corner. Stuck with a perfect sister, perfect parents, I was the odd ducking. The black sheep. My only solace from the world of perfection were my words. My heart pouring through my pen, my feelings dripping onto the paper. Every time I wrote I was free. Until they would ruin it. I would make a mistake and they'd correct it, as usual. But perfect is so last season, as Joppy, my companion in arms, would put it.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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